

False Gods, by Mark Morris

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(Wind blowing. Benedict Cumberbatch speaks.)

CARTER: Ready, gentlemen? Take the strain, and heave! Heave!

ROBERT: We... are... heaving.

JANE: Come on, Robert, put some effort into it.

CARTER: All right, all right. Halim, Ishaq, break up. Break up!

JANE: It's not moved, Mister Carter.

CARTER: This door has been sealed for nigh on three thousand years, Miss Templeton.

ROBERT: So, it's going to take a bit of shifting.

CARTER: I didn't bring you out here simply to observe, Mister Charles.

ROBERT: Oh, of course not. I never imagined field study would be quite so hands-on, that's all.

CARTER: We go again, gentlemen, after three. One, two, three! Heave!

ROBERT: I just hope this... Userhat fellow is worth... breaking our backs for.

CARTER: The tomb of an overseer of the Fields of Amun ought to contain many interesting artefacts, Mister Charles.

ROBERT: Maybe even a... mummy or two?

JANE: I say, it's moving.

CARTER: Come on, keep at it! Heave!

ROBERT: Well, I just hope there isn't a curse on it. Wouldn't want to bring a plague of locusts down upon us all.

CARTER: No such things as curses. Heave!

JANE: No, wait. It's crumbling.

(Thud.)

CARTER: Is everyone all right?

(Whispering voices)

ROBERT: I say, do you hear something? Most peculiar. All of a sudden it was as though a... a whatsit had walked over your, your...

JANE: Your grave?

ROBERT: Oh! Jane, you startled me.

CARTER: A minor earth tremor, that's all, caused by the displacement of ancient air.

ROBERT: Yes. I'm sure it was.

CARTER: Pass me that lantern, Miss Templeton. Let's see what we've got here, shall we?

(Tardis engines making a nasty noise.)

ACE: What's happening? Doctor?

DOCTOR: A spot of Time disruption. Oh!

HEX: Yeah? Which means?

DOCTOR: Er, we're being wrenched out of the Vortex. Hold onto your hat, Mister Hex.

HEX: I haven't got a hat!

ACE: Well, hold onto his!

DOCTOR: Oh, this is a rather tricky manoeuvre.

HEX: It's all right. I've got it.

ACE: Eh?

HEX: His hat.

ACE: Doctor, you okay?

DOCTOR: My fingertips are a little singed, that's all.

ACE: You what?

DOCTOR: Hit the button, would you?

ACE: Hit - wh-what?

DOCTOR: Hit the button, Ace. Hit the button .

ACE: Which one?

DOCTOR: The green one.

ACE: Oh, you only had to say.

(The Tardis materialises.)

DOCTOR: Oh well, that seems to have put us on an even keel.

(Whispering voices.)

HEX: Hey, do you hear that?

DOCTOR: Hear what, Mister Hex?

HEX: Remember Thoth? I dunno. Something like that.

ACE: Hearing voices now, are we?

HEX: Not in a bad way, all right?

DOCTOR: Residual time echo, perhaps, conveyed through the Tardis's telepathic circuits.

HEX: But why would it target me?

ACE: Perhaps it fancied you.

HEX: Oh, behave. So where are we, anyway?

DOCTOR: Egypt. Thebes, to be exact. The year 1902.

ACE: And is this where the time disruption came from?

DOCTOR: Let's find out.

(Tardis doors open.)

DOCTOR: Mister Hex. My hat, if you please.

CARTER: How goes it, Mister Charles?

ROBERT: With the collapsed roof and the flood damage, the workmen cannot proceed any further until they've finished shoring things up.

CARTER: Patience. The occupant of this tomb has lain here for three thousand years. It's only courteous to take our time.

JANE: Mister Carter. I say, Mister Carter.

ROBERT: Hello. Jane looks excited.

CARTER: What have you got there, my dear?

JANE: It's magnificent. Miraculously preserved.

ROBERT: What is it?

JANE: Oh, Robert.

CARTER: Consider this a test, Mister Charles. Let's see how much you've learned under my tutelage.

ROBERT: Oh. Right. Gosh. Er, a wooden box, half cubit square. Oh. I'm, I'm no good with the er... hieroglyphics, I'm afraid.

JANE: But look inside.

CARTER: It's all right, Mister Charles.

ROBERT: Would you believe it? Toy soldiers.

CARTER: Mister Charles! Enlighten him, Jane.

JANE: They're shabti figures, to act as servants in the afterlife.

CARTER: Absolutely. The more shabti a fellow had, the higher his status.

JANE: Our chap had only forty five. The Egyptian Kings had hundreds.

CARTER: Quite so.

JANE: I'll put the box in the supply tent, shall I?

CARTER: Along with the rest of the artefacts.

JANE: Very good, sir.

CARTER: And be sure to keep them in the shade... Oh no!

ACE: Hiya!

ROBERT: Do you know those people, sir?

CARTER: Sightseers. I'm sorry, this area is out of bounds to civilians.

DOCTOR: Quite right. The occupant of this tomb has lain here for three thousand years.

HEX: The last thing he needs is a bunch of tourists rifling through his stuff.

CARTER: Who are you people? I can permit no access without the proper authorisation.

DOCTOR: And as the Chief Inspector of Antiquities, you, Mister Carter, are the man to grant those authorisations.

CARTER: Well, yes, I am, but the point is...

HEX: Carter? Isn't he the guy who...?

ACE: (sotto) Yeah, just let the Doctor do the talking.

DOCTOR: I'm the Doctor, and - and these are my students, Ace and Hex. I'm a colleague of Professor Petrie's from University College.

CARTER: He's never mentioned you.

ROBERT: Students, you say? Me too.

DOCTOR: They can be something of a burden. But if all else fails I find them terribly good at making tea.

CARTER: I... Of course. Robert, if you could...?

ROBERT: Oh, well, yes. I suppose so.

DOCTOR: Splendid. Ace, go with him.

ACE: Yeah, but Hex makes a much better cuppa.

DOCTOR: So you need the practice. Besides, I'm sure Robert won't mind filling you in on all Mister Carter has unearthed thus far.

ACE: (sigh) Okay.

ROBERT: This way, Miss. Mind the roof debris.

ACE: Yeah, I can manage.

HEX: See ya.

DOCTOR: Now, Mister Carter, this tomb of yours. We're on the far side of the East Valley. So this must be KV45, correct?

CARTER: I beg your pardon?

DOCTOR: (sotto) Oh. Oh, of course, no. Of course, you don't call it that yet. (normal) Never mind. Just lead the way.

CARTER: Er - yes. Halim? Ishaq? More lights here. Chop-chop. (leaves)

HEX: Doctor, this is Howard Carter, right? You know, the fella who found Tutankhamen's tomb?

DOCTOR: (sotto) Yes. But not for another twenty years, so don't mention it. Just stay close and keep your senses attuned for anything unusual.

HEX: Like what?

DOCTOR: Sounds. Vibrations. If whatever drew us here latched onto you in the Tardis, you might be particularly sensitive to its effects.

HEX: Okay, Doctor. And don't worry. If a six foot mummy suddenly starts crashing through the crypt, I'll let you know loudly.

ROBERT: Water's on the boil. I'm afraid the local brew is rather noxious.

ACE: I'm sure I've had worse. So whose tomb is it?

ROBERT: Userhat, Mister Carter thinks. A servant of Amun.

ACE: Who's that? Some Pharaoh?

ROBERT: Oh. Now, I know this. Amun, you see, was one of the, the principal Egyptian Gods known as the Hidden One, or er, the Mysterious...

JANE: The Mysterious of Form.

ROBERT: Oh! Jane. I wish you wouldn't keep popping up like that.

JANE: It was said that Amun's true identity and appearance could never be revealed, and that he was able to resurrect himself by shedding his skin.

ACE: Reminds me of a friend of mine.

JANE: Really?

ACE: I'm Ace, by the way.

JANE: Curious name.

ACE: I'm a curious girl.

ROBERT: Miss Ace is a student like us. She's with a colleague of Professor Petrie's. A doctor. I didn't catch his name.

JANE: And has your Doctor observed anything interesting?

ACE: Everything's interesting to the Doctor. You'd be amazed what he unearths sometimes.

ROBERT Sounds like a useful fellow to have around, eh Jane?

JANE: Perhaps.

ACE: Tea's up.

ROBERT: Oh - dash it, I've forgotten the sugar. I'll just pop and get some from the supply tent. Leave you two to... get acquainted. Good-o.

HEX: These mummies don't half give me the creeps.

DOCTOR: They're just husks wrapped in bandages, Hex. They can't hurt you.

HEX: Yeah, but they were people once. It's weird to think we could pop back and visit them in the Tardis if we wanted. Doesn't that ever freak ya out, Doctor, knowing you could choose someone, anyone, and go to the christening, wedding and funeral all on the same day?

DOCTOR: I don't think about it.

HEX: If I were you, I'd think about it all the time.

DOCTOR: Mister Carter? Hello?

CARTER: Yes? Yes. Sorry. Idiot workmen were throwing out potsherds.

DOCTOR: Ah. I presume that various artefacts have already been removed from the tomb?

CARTER: Some, yes. Canopic jars, a shabti box...

HEX: A what?

DOCTOR: A wooden box, decorated with hieroglyphics. It contains a number of painted figures known as shabti. Where is this box now?

CARTER: Well, in the supply tent.

(Whispering voice.)

HEX: Who's that?

CARTER: I beg your pardon?

DOCTOR: Mister Hex?

HEX: I... I thought I heard something. Just, just for a moment.

ROBERT: Hello? Who's that? Oh. I could have sworn... I say. If there is anyone here, you'd best be off,

because Mister Carter was very clear. If he finds anyone else has been at the cheese...
(Whispering voices.)

ROBERT: What the devil...? (screams)

ACE: Did you hear that? Jane?

JANE: I didn't hear anything.

ACE: Shh. Listen.

JANE: I still don't hear anything.

ACE: Exactly. All the noise outside has stopped.

JANE: Oh, don't tell me those workmen have downed tools again. Good grief.

ACE: There's just sand and sky.

JANE: But... the dig, it's gone.

ACE: Everything's gone.

JANE: The workmen, the tents. How can they have...?

ACE: I don't know. But I'm going to find out. No. No sign. Ah! The sun! It's... it's burning me!

JANE: Get back inside, quick. Quick!

ACE: Ow! Ah! I'm blistering. Look at my hands. Just look!

JANE: I'll fetch some water. A cloth, something.

ACE: Just hurry up! Oh, God. You'd need Factor Five Million out there. Why is it so hot?

JANE: Here. Wrap it around your hands.

ACE: Yeah, how?

JANE: Oh, sorry. Let me help.

ACE: Thanks. I'll tell you what. No way should the sun be that red colour. Like there's something wrong with...

JANE: The ozone layer. Yes.

ACE: I'm sorry, did you just say...?

JANE: Can you smell something? Something like...

ACE: Burning. Oh... I've got a bad feeling about this.

JANE: The tent - it's catching fire!

ACE: We've been projected forward in time, I think. You, me, the tent we're sat in. To a point where there's no escape from the sun's radiation.

JANE: What do we do?

ACE: Er... blanket. We cover ourselves with blankets.

JANE: Then what?

ACE: We make a run for it. And we pray that whenever it is we are, no one's filled in this tomb of yours.

CARTER: In here, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Thank you, Mister Carter.

CARTER: Confounded flies! If they've got at the provisions...

DOCTOR: I don't think so, Mister Carter.

HEY: Oh, hey.

CARTER: Good God. Is that... a man?

DOCTOR: Hex?

HEY: Yeah. Stone dead. Dead for years. Centuries, in fact.

CARTER: One moment. Those clothes. Oxfords, and a waistcoat. That's...

DOCTOR: Robert Charles, yes. He's been caught on the outside edge of a localised time field, and the epicentre was... Ah.

HEY: What is it? Doctor?

DOCTOR: Mister Carter, what used to be in that spot there?

CARTER: Why, the kitchen tent. It... it's vanished.

HEY: Doctor, you sent Ace to make the tea.

DOCTOR: I know. What happened to that shabti box, Mister Carter?

CARTER: Well, I don't know.

HEY: Here, Doctor. Someone's taken the figures out.

CARTER: Oh, but this is vandalism!

DOCTOR: Count them, Hex.

CARTER: I shall have to inform the gendarmerie. I regret, Doctor, that I must also insist you present to me your credentials.

DOCTOR: I'm a Time Lord, Mister Carter. I came here on the trail of a disturbance in Space-Time.

CARTER: Space-Time?

DOCTOR: Yes. How many figures were there in that box?

CARTER: Er... forty-five. Why?

DOCTOR: Hex?

HEX: Forty two, forty three, forty four.
DOCTOR: One is missing. I wonder why.

ACE: Jane, lose the satchel. It's weighing you down.

JANE: Just run.

ACE: The tomb entrance. It's still here.

JANE: That's the blankets gone.

ACE: Only trouble is... Oh! Oh! We're locked out!

JANE: The sun's still climbing. We won't be shaded here for long. And then...

ACE: Crispy fried Ace. Oh!

JANE: Shh! Did you hear...?

ROBOT: Halt!

ROBOT: Your presence is unauthorised.

ACE: Don't panic. It's just a machine.

JANE: Just?

ACE: Security droid, I reckon.

ROBOT: Silence. You may not speak unless asked a direct question.

ACE: Well, that's me told.

ROBOT: If you do not comply I am authorised to neutralise you under Article 1045 of the Unified States Of Africa Convention.

JANE: Neutralise? How?

(Zap, boom.)

JANE: Oh!

ACE: That's how.

CARTER: I... still can't believe it. Whatever shall I tell Lord Charles, about Robert?

HEX: Howard, mate, chances are we'll be next if the Doctor can't suss out what's causing this...

CARTER: Time disruption?

DOCTOR: Precisely. Tell me, Mister Carter, can you translate the hieroglyphics on this box?

CARTER: Yes, I expect so.

HEX: Then?

CARTER: Well, if you think it will help. Yes. Er... it's the story of how Geb - the sky - and Nut - the earth argued...

DOCTOR: Argued with Ra the sun, which unbalanced the world's orbit. Yes. Oh, sorry. Do go on.

CARTER: Er... Ra was tricked into changing his position in the sky by Thoth, the diva of Time and magic, which...

HEX: Remember Thoth?

DOCTOR: Quiet.

CARTER: Which altered the angle of the Earth in relation to the sun. I suppose ancient calendars do show a time when the sun rose and set in a different place from now.

DOCTOR: Then the myth relates to a shift in the Earth's axial rotation.

CARTER: Er - if you say so.

HEX: What are you getting at, Doctor?

DOCTOR: I'm not sure.

(Screams outside.)

CARTER: What the blazes is happening now?

DOCTOR: Careful, Mister Carter.

CARTER: I'm only taking a look.

HEX: What is that!

(Something growls.)

CARTER: It's some sort of hyena, or bear.

HEX: Only massive!

CARTER: Halim? Halim, watch out!

(Scream.)

HEX: Great. Now it's seen us.

DOCTOR: Fascinating. A Creodont. The largest mammalian predator ever to walk the planet.

CARTER: I've never heard of it.

DOCTOR: I'm not surprised. It's been extinct for twenty million years.

HEX: Spare us the David Attenborough bit, you two. Run!

ACE: Jane, are you all right?

JANE: Fine.

ROBOT: Sensors indicate that you are not equipped with authorisation chips.

ACE: Er, sorry, must have left them at home.
JANE: Ace, don't antagonise it.
ACE: (sotto) It's a robot. It can't get antagonised.
ROBOT: Silence! Unauthorised individuals in the East Valley zone are deemed to be heritage raiders.
ACE: We're tourists.
ROBOT: That is no defence. Heritage raiders are subject to the ultimate jurisdiction. Prepare to be neutralised.
JANE: Wait. I have something in my satchel. Something to prove our credentials.
ACE: You have?
ROBOT: You have?
JANE: It... it's an artefact. I think you'll find it interesting.
ROBOT: If you attempt to deceive me you will be neutralised under Article...
ACE: Yeah, yeah, we've heard all that, tin-head. What are you playing at, Jane?
JANE: You'll see. Hold this, will you?
ACE: A key?
JANE: A key.
ROBOT: Why do you delay?
JANE: Here it is.
ROBOT: I do not recognise this object.
JANE: It's a shabti figure.
ACE: Do what?
ROBOT: A heritage artefact. You are heritage raiders. Neutralise. Neutralise.
ACE: Duck. (boom) Jane.
JANE: I'm all right. I think. The shabti.
ROBOT: Heritage raiders not neutralised. Preparing to neutralise.
ACE: It's here, all right?
JANE: The key. Pass the key into the figure's mouth.
ACE: But there's no slot or anything.
JANE: Just do it.
ACE: Yeah, okay.
ROBOT: Neutralise, neutralise!
(A Tardis materialises.)
ACE: But that's...
ROBOT: Another heritage object!
JANE: A Tardis, tin-head. Ace, get in.
ACE: The Doctor's Tardis. But...
JANE: The Doctor's? No. No, it's mine. Get in.
ROBOT: Heritage raiders escaping.
(Door opens.)
ACE: You betcha!
(Door closes.)
ROBOT: Halt. Halt!

(Growling.)

CARTER: Are we safe in here?
HEX: That creature's too big to get through the doorway.
DOCTOR: For now, but the stone is old and brittle. It won't hold forever.
HEX: Then we've had it. We're like Happy Meals in a box.
DOCTOR: Don't be pessimistic, Hex. I'll think of something.
HEX: Well, you'd better think quickly, Doctor. It's getting through!

JANE: You're a time traveller?
ACE: Well, duh.
JANE: I'm sorry. Had I realised sooner...
ACE: What's going on, Jane?
JANE: Isn't it obvious? We're escaping.
ACE: You know what I mean. You're from Gallifrey. You're a Time Lord.
JANE: Well, a trainee. Though I suspect I've missed my graduation ceremony by now, relatively speaking.
ACE: So what's the story?
JANE: Let's concentrate on getting out of here first, shall we?
(Unhappy Tardis engines.)

CARTER: It's breaking through.

HEX: Hey! Big boy! Get a face-full of this!
CARTER: What do you think you're doing?
HEX: Don't just stand there, mate. Find some more stuff to chuck at it.
CARTER: These are valuable potsherds.
DOCTOR: It's no use, Hex. We'll have to go further back into the tomb and squeeze into the smallest space we can find.
CARTER: What good would that do, Doctor? The beast will still seek us out eventually.
DOCTOR: The temporal field is unstable. The Creodont would vanish as suddenly as it appeared. It's simply a matter of Time.
HEX: It's time we don't have, Doctor. It's going to break through any second.
CARTER: I say.
(A Tardis materialises.)
CARTER: What's that noise?
HEX: It's the Tardis. How did you swing that one, Doctor ?
DOCTOR: This has nothing to do with me.
(Door opens.)
ACE: Doctor. Hex.
DOCTOR: Ace. A timely intervention.
HEX: Where did you spring from?
ACE: Do you really want an explanation right now?
HEX: Good point. Tell us inside.

DOCTOR: This way, Mister Carter.
CARTER: Gosh. This is extraordinary.
HEX: Yeah. And it's about to get a whole lot weirder.
DOCTOR: Time for that later.
ACE: Jane, doors.
(Doors close.)
JANE: Don't worry. It can't get inside. I hope.
VOICE: Remember Thoth, the diva of time and magic.
HEX: Hey. That's...
DOCTOR: Observe the scanner, Mister Hex.
CARTER: The, the creature is... fading from view?
HEX: Just like the Doctor said it would. All right! So, how did you two get to fly this thing? I thought only the Doctor could do that...
DOCTOR: This isn't my Tardis.
ACE: It's Jane's.
HEX: Yeah, but it looks just like yours.
DOCTOR: That's because it's Time-linked itself to mine to stay alive.
ACE: What? It's dying?
DOCTOR: It should have been put to sleep long ago. Sounds like it's been suffering for centuries, and now it's become dangerous.
JANE: You're wrong, Doctor. I can repair it.
DOCTOR: It's beyond repair, Jane.
JANE: But I *need* to repair it. It's the only way I can get home.
DOCTOR: Why don't you tell us who you really are?
JANE: I'm a student, like I always said. Year 45. I came to Earth centuries ago, on a field trip.
DOCTOR: Ah. Academy History Module 101. Assyrian Cosmic Influence.
JANE: Exactly. I had a colleague with me. Antak. There was a freak surge in the Vortex and our Tardis was damaged by a Time spike. We managed to materialise, but we'd lost our time signature. Our route map home.
CARTER: I'm sorry, I'm not following any of this.
ACE: Don't worry about it, Mister C. Just go with the flow.
JANE: We tried to integrate ourselves into the local populace, but our arrival was observed. They worshipped us as Gods. They named Antak Amun.
HEX: And you were...?
JANE: Yes. Thoth.
DOCTOR: You should not have got involved.
JANE: No. For a while everything was fine, but one year the crops failed. There was an uprising. I escaped into the Sudan. Antak... did not.
DOCTOR: And this Tardis?
JANE: Antak had set the chameleon circuit to disguise it as a shabti figure. But during the uprising it was lost, stolen.

CARTER: By Userhat.

JANE: I think so, yes. I've spent a dozen lifetimes searching for his tomb. Recently it's been calling to me.

DOCTOR: It's been breaking down, decaying with age and neglect.

JANE: I followed its trail. I knew it was somewhere here, sealed up in the Valley of the Kings.

CARTER: It was you, Miss Templeton, who suggested I dig at this site.

JANE: Yes.

CARTER: I took you for a promising student. But you're... nothing of the kind.

HEX: So, what do we do now?

DOCTOR: Jane?

JANE: I can't do it, Doctor.

DOCTOR: You have to.

CARTER: What? What must she do?

ACE: Kill her Tardis. That's right, isn't it?

DOCTOR: I'm afraid so. By piloting it into the heart of a star.

ACE: But what happens to Jane?

HEX: Ah, hey. Don't tell me the captain goes down with her ship?

DOCTOR: Of course not. I'll track her in my Tardis, materialise my Tardis inside hers, and pull her out a split second before hers is destroyed.

JANE: Then what? You'll take me back to Gallifrey, to face the consequences?

DOCTOR: Yes. Now, take us to my Tardis.

(It dematerialises painfully.)

CARTER: I must confess, I'm still not entirely sure what's going on.

ACE: You're about to travel into space, Mister C. Trip of a lifetime.

CARTER: My dear friend Professor Petrie often says life is an adventure, Howard, one should grasp it with both hands.

ACE: He sounds like a good bloke, this Professor of yours.

CARTER: He is indeed.

DOCTOR: Hush, you two, I'm concentrating.

ACE: Swap you. My one's a bit grumpy.

JANE [OC]: Doctor?

HEX: Jane's on the scanner, Doctor .

DOCTOR: Hello, Jane. All ready to go?

JANE [OC]: As ready as I'll ever be.

DOCTOR: Right, Jane. Synchronise coordinates.

JANE [OC]: Coordinates synchronised.

DOCTOR: Calibrators online.

JANE [OC]: Online, check.

DOCTOR: On my count. One, two, three.

(The Tardis dematerialises.)

ACE: So far, so good.

DOCTOR: Now for the tricky bit.

JANE [OC]: What will they do to me, on Gallifrey?

DOCTOR: Never mind that now.

JANE [OC]: Antak and I - we set ourselves up as Gods. That's a Class Two intervention, isn't it?

DOCTOR: You were only students.

JANE [OC]: The penalty is vaporisation. Even students know that.

HEX: There's some interference on the scanner, Doctor.

ACE: And should this red light be flashing on the console?

DOCTOR: Jane, your temporal stabiliser's slipping.

JANE [OC]: I'm sorry, Doctor.

DOCTOR: No, no! No, Jane!

CARTER: What's happening?

ACE: She's running away. Isn't she? Doctor?

DOCTOR: I'm losing her! She's slipping back through Time!

(The Cloister Bell tolls.)

HEX: Doctor, we're getting really close to the Sun.

DOCTOR: I can't get a fix on her. She's jumping time tracks quicker than I can keep up.

HEX: Doctor, the Sun.

DOCTOR: Jane! Listen to me. I can talk to them. It's not like it was in the old days.

JANE [OC]: Too late.

(Bang.)

HEX: We're burning up!

DOCTOR: Hang on, Jane. I'm adjusting the temporal drift compensators. I'm right behind you.
JANE [OC]: Too close to the sun now. Remember Thoth. The diva of time and magic. Remember...
DOCTOR: Jane. Jane!
ACE: She's gone, Doctor. You've got to get us out of here.
DOCTOR: I have to save her.
HEX: Ace is right, Doctor. It's too late.
ACE: The button. Hex, hit the green button.
DOCTOR: No, don't.
(The Tardis materialises.)
HEX: Sorry, but...
DOCTOR: Do you know what you've done, Mister Hex? I could have saved her!
HEX: I...
CARTER: I don't believe you could, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I'm sorry?
CARTER: Remember Thoth? Those were Jane's words. I believe... I believe she's already fulfilled her destiny.
ACE: What do you mean? Mister C?
DOCTOR: Remember Thoth.
CARTER: It's a story from ancient Egypt. Thoth, the diva of time and magic, tricked Ra, the sun god, into changing his position in the sky.
ACE: So Jane slipped back thousands of years...
DOCTOR: And crashed her Tardis into the heart of the Sun, yes. But in doing so, she caused a small shift in the Earth's axial rotation. A Class One intervention.
CARTER: Poor girl.
HEX: There's one thing I don't understand. If Jane was Thoth, who told the story in the first place? I mean, who painted the symbols on that box?
ACE: I think we can guess.
HEX: It was you, wasn't it, Doctor? You went back and told Jane's story.
DOCTOR: Not yet, but one day. Who knows?
CARTER: We can dig up the past, but who can predict the future, eh, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Yes, Mister Carter. Who indeed.

Order of Simplicity, by Nick Scovell

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(Knock on door, door creaks open.)

DOCTOR: Good morning. Forgive the intrusion. I'm the Doctor, and these are my friends...

(Door slammed shut.)

DOCTOR: Oh.

ACE: Some welcome.

HEX: Oh, come on, guys. I'm soaking.

ACE: Why don't you shout through the letterbox?

HEX: Why don't you forget it?

DOCTOR: I can't. Er, hello?

MRS CRISP [OC]: What do you want?

DOCTOR: A talk with Doctor Verryman.

MRS CRISP [OC]: Impossible.

DOCTOR: Oh. Is he not in?

MRS CRISP [OC]: Doctor Verryman is not receiving visitors.

DOCTOR: But I have important information for him. To do with the code.

(Door opens.)

MRS CRISP: The code?

DOCTOR: Yes. I picked it up on my communication channel. I'm certain I can help?

MRS CRISP: Come in.

DOCTOR: Oh, thank you.

HEX: At last. I was gonna catch me death if I was stood out in the rain much longer. Brr!

ACE: Wimp.

DOCTOR: Ah, thank you, Mrs...?

MRS CRISP: Mrs Crisp. May I take your...?

DOCTOR: Umbrella? Yes. Sorry about the dripping.

ACE: That's no way to talk about Hex.

HEX: Oi.

ACE: You love it.

HEX: Boots, Ace?

ACE: Oh. Yeah. Sorry. Bit muddy, this island of Mentalovonia.

DOCTOR: Mendolovina. It is a little off the beaten track.

HEX: I'll say.

DOCTOR: But I daresay Doctor Verryman finds it most peaceful here for his work.

MRS CRISP: That was the reason he came. In here.

(Door opens.)

MRS CRISP: You may wait. I shall consult with Doctor Verryman.

DOCTOR: You're very kind, Mrs Cr...

(Door slammed.)

ACE: I'm not sure the atmosphere wasn't warmer outside.

HEX: Bit frosty, wasn't she?

DOCTOR: Efficient and in charge. The perfect housekeeper.

ACE: Oh, in which case, do you think she'll make us a cup of tea?

HEX: Doubt it. One look from her'd freeze the pot.

DOCTOR: Children...

HEX: Oh, come on, Doctor. I mean, oil lamps, stone flooring, gas pipes. In what year did you say this was?

DOCTOR: The year is 3380. I admit the decor is a little...

ACE: Addams Family timeshare?

DOCTOR: I was going to say Bleak House.

HEX: So, how do you know this Doctor Verryman?

DOCTOR: I don't. I've never met him. I've only ever read his books.

ACE: Page-turners, are they?

DOCTOR: Considering he and his colleagues, including the great Professor Caldeer, are the foremost authorities on bio-engineering in this epoch, they're surprisingly easy to follow.

ACE: So Hex would be fine.

HEX: Ha-ha-ha.

DOCTOR: This island is part of the Sphere of Influence, a planet almost completely devoted to the advancement of knowledge.

ACE: Oh, kind of intergalactic Oxbridge, then?
DOCTOR: More or less. Verryman was one of its founders.
HEX: Was?
DOCTOR: I think he's retired now.
ACE: So why is he sending out some mysterious code?
HEX: Don't tell me. He's a Sudoku bore.
DOCTOR: There's more to it than that. A triple-ciphered code on multiple frequencies, with an urgent request to find the solution...
ACE: And you're the man to do it?
DOCTOR: Well, I am a genius twice over - no, three times. Come on.
(Door opens.)
HEX: Mrs Crisp, she said to wait here.
ACE: What's the matter, Hex? (sotto) Scared of the spooky housekeeper?
HEX: Maybe. A bit. Oh, go on.

ACE: So what do you reckon, Doctor? A good old nose about?
DOCTOR: I was thinking more of following it.
HEX: Following what?
DOCTOR: My nose.
ACE: Right. And your nose is pointing us...?
DOCTOR: Upstairs, I think. Yes.
HEX: Fine. So long as it's not in the basement.
ACE: What's wrong with basements?
HEX: I *hate* basements. Bad things happen in basements.
DOCTOR: Can you hear that?
ACE: What, Hex's burlblings?
DOCTOR: I mean, feel that. A vibration. Like the ghost of something mechanical.
HEX: (sotto) Ghost?
DOCTOR: It may be nothing.
VERRYMAN: You! You're here. You came!
DOCTOR: Doctor Verryman, I presume?
VERRYMAN: Of course. Tell me, er...?
DOCTOR: Doctor.
VERRYMAN: Mmm. Have you solved it? The code?
DOCTOR: Well...
VERRYMAN: Mrs Crisp! Mrs Crisp!
MRS CRISP: Doctor Verryman, sir.
VERRYMAN: In the name of the six-chinned sages of Saturn's rings, be a pillar to us all, and pop the kettle on.
MRS CRISP: At once.
ACE: Oh, at last.
DOCTOR: Go with her, Hex.
HEX: Why?
DOCTOR: She took an instant dislike to Ace.
ACE: Muddy boots.
HEX: Oh, hell.
DOCTOR: Mrs Crisp, my young friend Hex would like to help you with the tea things.
MRS CRISP: If it's not beyond him, follow me. The kitchen's in the basement.
HEX: Wh-where?
VERRYMAN: My friends, I shall die if you don't tell me the solution.
DOCTOR: The solution. Yes.
ACE: It's not that simple.
VERRYMAN: Of course it's not that simple. We shall retire to my laboratory. Come.
DOCTOR: You heard the man, Ace.
ACE: I expect they heard him on Saturn's rings.
VERRYMAN: (loud) Come!

VERRYMAN: In, in. Sit yourselves down.
ACE: Now, this is more like it. Proper techie stuff.
VERRYMAN: Don't touch anything.
DOCTOR: Do as he says, Ace.
ACE: Mmm, what's this then? A hospital scanner?
VERRYMAN: A what?

DOCTOR: It's an inductor, Ace.
ACE: Oh. And what's an inductor when it's at home?
VERRYMAN: It is the future.
DOCTOR: The patient is strapped in here, whereupon a series of probes descend from...
ACE: The outside, yeah.
VERRYMAN: Uh-uh. Fingers.
(Slapping.)
ACE: Ow!
DOCTOR: To identify the problem and begin treatment. Surgery with energy pulses and gravity manipulation. No scalpels or mess. Very clever stuff. Just a moment.
ACE: Er - fingers?
VERRYMAN: The Doctor is a fellow professional.
ACE: Huh! Yeah, right.
DOCTOR: These settings make no sense at all. It's as if...
VERRYMAN: The inductor has been modified. It is no longer intended merely to cure.
ACE: I'm not sure I like the sound of this.
VERRYMAN: I seek to restructure the human brain, suppressing primitive desires and enhancing the intellect. An alchemical transformation from the base to the divine.
DOCTOR: More like sublime to the ridiculous.
ACE: Er, why is it linked up to the antennas on the roof?
VERRYMAN: Whatever gave you that idea?
ACE: Cables running through the skylights?
DOCTOR: And we saw the antennas from the beach. Very good, Ace.
ACE: Blimey.
VERRYMAN: Imagine. If one could broadcast improving pulses across the ether, countless billions would benefit, instantly and without effort.
ACE: What? Brain surgery by radio?
DOCTOR: Across multiple frequencies. A unilateral operation beamed out across the universe.
VERRYMAN: Augmenting and extending the mental capacities of the entire human race.
ACE: You're nuts.
VERRYMAN: I'm a genius.
ACE: And we're going to stop you, right, Doctor?
DOCTOR: I'm not sure we can.
ACE: Why?
DOCTOR: The code.
VERRYMAN: Yes, the code.
ACE: You mean, it's already begun?

HEX: No sugar, no milk. I'm not even going to ask about biscuits.
MRS CRISP: Doctor Verryman and I devote all our energies to his work. We do not cater for visitors.
HEX: Must be lonely, just the two of youse.
MRS CRISP: Young man, I am not a fool. The Doctor did not send you here to help me make the tea. What do you want to know?
HEX: You're more than just a housekeeper, aren't ya?
MRS CRISP: If your Doctor has solved the code, you will have no need of answers. But if he hasn't...
HEX: Then?
MRS CRISP: You might care to look in the third bedroom on the third floor.
HEX: Right.
MRS CRISP: Now, if you'll excuse me, Doctor Verryman will be waiting for his tea.
HEX: Third bedroom, third floor. I just know I'm going to regret this.

ACE: Doctor, what's Verryman done?
DOCTOR: I dread to think.
VERRYMAN: I was my own first subject, Doctor. When I entered the inductor and it began to rearrange my neurons, to re-order the structure of my brain, I promise you, I could feel my mind expanding, inflating. For a time, the doors of perception were flung wide open. I had transcended genius. I was the cleverest man who ever lived.
DOCTOR: Only, something burst your bubble.
VERRYMAN: Yes. Within hours I experienced a clouding of my consciousness, like a fog descending. It became harder and harder to reason, to perform the most basic autonomic functions.
DOCTOR: And to counteract it, you entered the inductor again.
VERRYMAN: And again, and again. Just under thirty minutes ago, I was a spittle-flecked simpleton, unable to tie my own shoelaces but for the patient intervention of Mrs Crisp. In another twenty two minutes and forty

one seconds, the regression will be upon me once more.

DOCTOR: So it's accelerating.

VERRYMAN: In a few short weeks, the effect will be permanent. My genius will be lost to the cosmos.

ACE: And that'd be a bad thing why?

DOCTOR: Ace.

ACE: Come on, Doctor, he's brought it on himself. It was his own head he messed with.

DOCTOR: I'm not sure the inductor is entirely to blame.

ACE: It's not?

DOCTOR: But I can't quite see why.

ACE: Besides, what's any of this got to do with the code?

VERRYMAN: Ah, she's brighter than she looks, isn't she, Doctor? But you, you're finding it harder and harder, aren't you, to think.

DOCTOR: I can see there's an explanation, I can't quite articulate it, that's all.

ACE: Doctor?

VERRYMAN: What if the inductor had merely activated something dormant within my mind? Some malign presence which feeds off the intellect?

DOCTOR: Yes, yes, something like ... like...

VERRYMAN: Yes?

ACE: Doctor?

VERRYMAN: It begins with a "veh"? A "veh"? "Veh"?

DOCTOR: Virus. Yes, it's a virus.

VERRYMAN: Ha, ha! A pernicious virus of the intellect, which unchecked results in the regression of any infected human brain to the level of Homo Erectus. Base, savage, and possessing an average IQ of just 45. Even the greatest genius who ever lived could not hope to cure such a virus between interludes of idiocy.

DOCTOR: Yes, you need... er, you needed help.

VERRYMAN: Yes. I translated the virus into a series of data statements, a code, a mathematical description of its structure. I then used the inductor transmitter to broadcast the code. I set a puzzle.

ACE: You set a trap.

DOCTOR: I had to come. I was drawn here. A compulsion drove me on.

ACE: You did say you had to know.

DOCTOR: What would drive me so hard?

VERRYMAN: What indeed, Doctor?

ACE: Oh no. Doctor. Don't tell me you're...?

DOCTOR: Yes. The virus. I am infected. Anyone who reads the code becomes infected.

HEX: Bedroom one, bedroom two, bedroom three. Bolts. Okay. Not a good sign. So not a good sign.
(Door opens.)

HEX: Hello? Anyone there? Where's the light switch?

(Groan.)

HEX: Is someone in here? Hello? My name's Hex. I'm looking for answers?

THING 1: An...swers?

HEX: Oh ... Oh, man!

THING 1: Answers.

HEX: Answers, yeah.

(Door closes.)

HEX: Hey! Hey!

(Bolts thrown on the outside.)

HEX: Let us out! I said...

MRS CRISP [OC]: I trust you've found your answers, young man.

HEX: Mrs Crisp! Mrs Crisp! Hey!

THING 1: Answers.

THING 2: Answers.

(Chains rattle.)

HEX: Do what?

THING 1 + THING 2: Answers.

HEX: There... there's two of year?

THING 1 + THING 2: Answers. Answers!

ACE: I don't get it. How can a code rot your brain?

VERRYMAN: An immensely sophisticated code. A sequence of instructions designed to set up a chain reaction in the neural pathways of the brain.

ACE: Shut it, Verryman. Come on, Doctor. It's a joke. It's got to be.

DOCTOR: If it's a joke, it's a killer. Killer. Kill or cure. But who's the killer and where is the cure? Oh, will I be

killed? Or will the cure kill me?

ACE: Doctor, snap out of it.

DOCTOR: Ow!

ACE: Sorry. You were rambling.

DOCTOR: Was I?

ACE: The code. Doctor, you read the code.

DOCTOR: Ah yes. Verryman's code. Fascinating, isn't it?

ACE: It's terrible!

DOCTOR: What's even more terrible is I contracted this virus, and I'm not even human. You've been completely irresponsible, Doctor Verryman. This virus could regress all intelligent life in the universe.

VERRYMAN: I didn't create the virus, Doctor. I'm as much a... a victim as you, and I need your help. You were clever enough to recognise the significance of the code, Doctor. Arrogant enough to want to solve it. Now, to save yourself, to preserve my genius, have you done it? Have you found the sequence to cancel out the virus?

DOCTOR: No.

VERRYMAN: Ah well. There will be others.

ACE: You passed this virus onto the Doctor, and now you're just going to let him turn into Captain Caveman?

DOCTOR: Ace, Ace, Ace. Only a mind greater than mine could solve the code.

ACE: But you said you were a genius three times over. What do we do now? Nip back to the Tardis and pick up Stephen Hawking?

VERRYMAN: Hawking? Pah!

DOCTOR: We're running out of time, and the only way to solve this code is for me to enter the inductor and enhance myself.

VERRYMAN: Ah, Mrs Crisp. Tea?

MRS CRISP: How goes the work, Doctors?

DOCTOR: Well, we know what we have to do to solve the code.

HEX [OC]: Hey!

ACE: Where's Hex?

MRS CRISP: The young man is dying.

ACE: Dying? Wh-what...?

DOCTOR: Ace, wait!

MRS CRISP: You will not follow her.

DOCTOR: Really? A locked door isn't going to stop me when my friends are in danger.

MRS CRISP: Into the inductor and begin. Your own life depends on it, does it not?

DOCTOR: Something tells me there's more to you than just crisp-making, Miss Tea.

ACE: Hex? Hex! Where are you?

HEX [OC]: In here!

ACE: I'm coming!

VERRYMAN: There. There is no pain involved in the enhancement procedure.

DOCTOR: Eh? What? Oh. I'm pleased to hear it.

MRS CRISP: You will be the progenitor we desire.

DOCTOR: Huh? What? Me?

MRS CRISP: Verryman has failed, just as the others failed.

VERRYMAN: Mrs Crisp, what's got into you? Others?

MRS CRISP: Professor Caldeer. He came when you first fell ill, Verryman. It all happened too fast for him, and his student.

VERRYMAN: You speak of them in the past tense. What happened to them?

MRS CRISP: Oh, they're not dead. They're in the third bedroom, on the third floor.

ACE [OC]: Hex?

HEX: Shh. That old bag bolted the door. Can you get it open?

ACE: (outside:) Yeah. I'll just...

HEX: Hang on. Slowly, Ace. Slowly, okay?

ACE [OC]: Okay.

(Door opens.)

ACE: Oh my gosh.

HEX: They seem okay, as long as you keep still and quiet.

ACE: Better keep still, then.

HEX: What the hell are they, anyway?

ACE: Homo Erectus. IQ of 45.

HEX: What? Hey, don't let the door shut.
(Slam.)
HEX: Oh no.
ACE: It's all right. I unbolted... Oh. No door handle this side. And the natives don't look too friendly.
HEX: They look sad more than anything else.
ACE: The code did this to them, Hex.
HEX: The code?
ACE: The one the Doctor picked up in the Tardis. It's a virus.
HEX: Virus? How does that work?
ACE: Oh, someone made it so that whoever reads it regresses into... well, that.
HEX: What about the Doctor?
THING 1: Doc... tor.
HEX: Hey. We seem to have struck a chord.
THING 1: Doctor. Doctor.
THING 2: Verryman. Verryman. Poor Verryman.
ACE: Something left. They can remember. Oh, that's so cruel. That stinking machine.
THING 1 + THING 2: Machine. Machine. Machine.
HEX: Okay. Now I'm getting really worried.
THING 1 + THING 2: Machine. Machine.

VERRYMAN: Programmes are responding. Adjusting to your brain patterns. Won't be long now, Doctor. Are you familiar with telepathic amplifiers?
DOCTOR: Telephantic apheetifiers... What? Oh, yes. Oh, they have been useful on occasion.
VERRYMAN: Then I can isolate your neural network within the telepathic projection field. The enhancement will only be temporary, I'm afraid.
DOCTOR: Only... only need... it long enough to find a solution and the... cure. Oh. Oh, hurry up, Verryman.
MRS CRISP: Yes, hurry.
DOCTOR: I still don't ... I don't understand why you locked us in here, Mrs Crisp.
MRS CRISP: There will be no explanations.
VERRYMAN: Ah. Enhancement programme ready. Downloading programme now.

THING 1 + THING 2: Machine! Machine!
ACE: They know! Somehow they know what did this to them.
THING 1 + THING 2: Machine.
ACE: Hex, help me!
HEX: Are you mad? If we let them go we'll...
ACE: It's not us they want! Come on, you're a good strong lad. Get hold of the chains and pull.

VERRYMAN: Programme accepted. He is becoming enhanced.
MRS CRISP: Can he hear us?
VERRYMAN: Link established. We should be hearing his amplified thoughts any moment.
DOCTOR: Ah.
VERRYMAN: Doctor. Are you all right? Is it working?
DOCTOR: We've been tricked.
VERRYMAN: What? What's going on, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Verryman, we were wrong. The solution. The solution is not the cure.
VERRYMAN: Not the cure, are you sure?
DOCTOR: The solution is infestation. The solution is the means to spread the virus.
VERRYMAN: Like a plague?
DOCTOR: Solving the code completely. It will release the virus.
MRS CRISP: Once you have solved the code, Doctor, the solution will be free.
DOCTOR: The virus uses technology. Technology is the carrier. The solution isn't the cure. It's a conversion programme from energy to projected matter.
VERRYMAN: You mean the solution will make the virus airborne?
DOCTOR: What have you done, Mrs Crisp?
MRS CRISP: We introduced the virus.
DOCTOR: We?
MRS CRISP: We are the Order of Simplicity.
DOCTOR: The what?
MRS CRISP: We exist to destroy the corruption that technology and its champions like you propagate. Impulses smothered, natural order choked. Life should be as nature intended. Simple, unadorned, pure, natural.
DOCTOR: Cruel, selfish, uncaring.

MRS CRISP: You deny the reality of natural order.

DOCTOR: Progress and intelligence are part of the natural order.

VERRYMAN: If you don't believe in technology, why is my inductor such a large part of whatever your plan is?

DOCTOR: Hypocritical maniacs are the worst.

MRS CRISP: The means to our end, nothing more. Art, science, ambition, faith. It is all chaos. That is what we believe.

DOCTOR: You really do mean we, don't you? You're a corporate identity of some kind. Many lives in one. Yes, I've heard of it. A way for any number of people to move about undetected. Still, quite a rarity these days.

MRS CRISP: Explanations, enlightenment. All part of the progressive degenerate world.

DOCTOR: So the Order of Simplicity heard of Verryman's machine. You feared it would push Mankind forward too far into enlightenment, and that's when you came here.

VERRYMAN: Her references were impeccable.

DOCTOR: That's when you decided to use the virus.

VERRYMAN: Mrs Crisp. All this time you've been...

MRS CRISP: All this time we've been waiting for you to succeed, Verryman.

DOCTOR: And it was you who programmed the virus into the inductor.

VERRYMAN: Deliberately infecting me.

MRS CRISP: This alien virus has been in our possession for many years. Its origins are unknown.

DOCTOR: Dangerous thing, the unknown.

MRS CRISP: Ignorance is bliss.

DOCTOR: And then, Verryman, you broadcast the code, unwittingly showing them the true potential of the virus. The regression of all intelligent life in one go.

MRS CRISP: Forever!

DOCTOR: But wait a minute. Not everyone is going to read the code, are they? Ha! Your primitive new order is going to have serious limits.

MRS CRISP: A typical progressive attitude. Intelligence has blinded your instincts, Doctor.

DOCTOR: What if I refuse to find the solution? The virus will then never be released.

MRS CRISP: You have no choice.

DOCTOR: There's always a choice. And I'd rather regress to an IQ of 45 than release this plague.

MRS CRISP: Once you are fully enhanced, solving the code will be irresistible to your elevated mind.

Intelligence is the real virus, always intent on infecting the future.

(Distant thump.)

VERRYMAN: What was that!

(Smash. Growling.)

HEX: Now what?

THING 1 + THING 2: Destroy.

HEX: Can't open the door, there's no handle!

THING 1 + THING 2: Machine.

(Wood splinters.)

THING 1 + THING 2: Machine!

ACE: Who needs door handles? Come on!

THING 1 + THING 2: Machine!

THING 1 + THING 2: Machine! Machine!

ACE: They're heading for the laboratory. Doctor! Doctor, can you hear me!

THING 1 + THING 2: Machine!

ACE: It's the inductor they want!

THING 1 + THING 2: Machine! Machine!

DOCTOR: Ah, Professor Caldeer and his student, I presume.

VERRYMAN: They... they sound like animals. Mindless animals.

MRS CRISP: Pure. Uncomplicated.

DOCTOR: And very, very cross by the sound of it.

MRS CRISP: Increase the power of the machine. Soon, Doctor, your prattling will be over, and your hungry mind will not be able to resist releasing the virus.

DOCTOR: Yes. Increase the power of the machine, Verryman.

VERRYMAN: But Doctor... No, I refuse.

DOCTOR: Do it! Increase the power. All the power.

MRS CRISP: He is enhanced. He cannot resist. See how his intelligence feeds his own destruction.

(Crash.)

THING 1 + THING 2: Destroy.

MRS CRISP: No, you fools, keep back. Stay back. Ah, get off me!

DOCTOR: Verryman, trust me. Increase the power. Increase the telepathic field, now.

VERRYMAN: I... I don't know...

DOCTOR: Quickly. Before my mind forces me into releasing the virus.

MRS CRISP: Bring forth the age of purity. (screams.)

HEX: They killed her.

ACE: Oh. I'm not sure she deserved that.

VERRYMAN: Perhaps she did. She wanted to snuff out all intelligence in the cosmos, and I helped her to do it.

HEX: I thought the apes were after the machine?

ACE: What's the matter with them? Just standing there. Doctor?

DOCTOR: Ace, Hex, Verryman, keep back. This could be dangerous.

HEX: Eh? You said that without moving your lips.

VERRYMAN: You are listening to his thoughts through the telepathic amplification field.

DOCTOR: Quiet, please. I'm thinking. Thinking down to an IQ level of 45.

ACE: Doctor? What are you doing?

VERRYMAN: Of course. He's using the telepathic amplification field.

HEX: And that's a good thing?

ACE: Whoa! Is that meant to be happening?

HEX: The Doctor's blacked out! We've got to get him disconnected from this thing. Come on!

VERRYMAN: No. It... it might not be safe yet.

(Boom.)

ACE: Are you kidding me? This whole place is going up. I'm with you, Hex.

DOCTOR: Can cope. 45. 45.

HEX: What's he going on about?

ACE: I suggest we ask him later.

ACE: Help me carry him!

VERRYMAN: They're attacking the machine. They'll destroy it!

DOCTOR: I have to save them. Innocent victims.

ACE: We've got to get out of here. The whole place is going up. Come on!

VERRYMAN: Ironic, isn't it?

ACE: What?

VERRYMAN: Fire was the first great leap forward for Mankind. Now it seems it has saved it, and assured its future again.

ACE: By destroying all your work.

VERRYMAN: Yes. As I say, ironic.

ACE: How is he?

HEX: Er, I think he'll be all right. He's always all right, isn't he?

DOCTOR: I very nearly wasn't. (coughs)

HEX: Yeah, but you did something clever, didn't ya?

DOCTOR: If I had done something clever, the virus would have been set free.

VERRYMAN: And every intelligent mind in the cosmos would have started regressing.

HEX: To the level of those ape things? Nasty.

DOCTOR: And that was the key.

VERRYMAN: That and the telepathic amplification field.

DOCTOR: Thank you for trusting me, Doctor Verryman.

HEX: Okay, but, what did you actually do?

VERRYMAN: Well, with the telepathic field at maximum, he was able to draw in the regressed minds of Professor Caldeer and his student.

ACE: Professor who?

DOCTOR: The ape creatures. The virus had destroyed their intelligence long ago. I took the chance that their intelligence was beyond enhancement.

ACE: Stuck at an IQ of 45.

DOCTOR: Precisely.

VERRYMAN: We discovered that solving the code would transmit the virus across the cosmos.

DOCTOR: A trap set by Mrs Crisp and her friends. I planted a thought in the minds of the ape creatures.

ACE: Oh, you mean you told *them* to solve the code?

DOCTOR: Then I shut my own mind down.

HEX: When you blacked out.

DOCTOR: Yes. And thank you for unplugging me, by the way.

HEX: You're welcome.

ACE: So the apes couldn't find the solution to the code.

DOCTOR: Their lack of intelligence actually destroyed the code. In effect, they killed the virus.

HEX: So you did do something clever.

DOCTOR: Inevitably.

HEX: But, what's all this business about the landlady? Was she really dangerous or something?

ACE: And there you were, cosyng up to her in the basement.

HEX: Oh, behave yourself.

DOCTOR: Doctor Verryman?

VERRYMAN: Mmm hmm?

DOCTOR: We must be on our way. Can we drop you off anywhere?

VERRYMAN: Drop me off? Where exactly is your transport?

ACE: Oh dear.

DOCTOR: Oh dear what?

ACE: Bit of bad news on that front.

HEX: You know how we landed the Tardis on the shore?

DOCTOR: Yes? Oh.

ACE: The tide's come in.

DOCTOR: (sighs) Anyone for a swim?

Casualties of War, by Mark Michaelowski

A Big Finish Productions Dr Who 45th Anniversary Audio Drama, released Nov 2008

(A Cockney knees-up in progress. ♪ My old man said follow the van, and don't dilly-dally on the way ♪.)

BARMAN: Yeah, coming right up.

MAN: Drinks on you then, Mister Moneybags.

JOEY: Eh?

WOMAN: We've seen you, Joey, flashing your cash around. Still, no war, no black market. Going to have to get a proper job now.

JOEY: Don't count on it. Gonna be on the ration for a while yet.

MILLER: Nice suit, Joey. Italian, is it?

JOEY: PC Miller. No night off to celebrate with the rest of us?

MILLER: Putting you away would be all the celebration I need.

JOEY: Oi, oi! Hey, leave it out! Oi!

MILLER: That's where you belong, Joey. With the rubbish.

JOEY: You can't touch me Ernie, copper or no copper.

MILLER: Not going to be touching you where you're going. Have a nice night out on Tuesday, did you?

JOEY: What? Why? What happened on Tuesday?

MILLER: You tell me. (splash) Easy, Joey, easy. You wouldn't want me calling round to have a word with your mother now, would you? Nice lady. Break her heart to have the police at her door.

JOEY: She's got nothing to do with it.

MILLER: And what's it when it's at home? How's about I nudge your memory? Tuesday night, a van overturned just off Clapham Common?

JOEY: That weren't me.

MILLER: What weren't you? The bloke that left the driver for dead and made off with as much stuff as he could carry?

JOEY: He was fine.

MILLER: The driver you didn't see? Of the van you didn't rob? But we've got a witness.

JOEY: You're lying.

MILLER: Tell that to the old geezer who saw ya. He's down the station right now. Come on, wrists.

JOEY: Get off!

MILLER: What's this, then? Nice bracelet, Joey. Been raiding Mummy's jewellery box?

JOEY: Yeah. Yeah. Ain't no ordinary bracelet, Ernie. Let me show ya.

MILLER: (gasps) My head.

JOEY: Mighty not so bleedin' smart now, are you, Ernie?

MILLER: (flat) No. I'm not so smart now.

JOEY: You know something about me. Now, let's see if we can't find out something about you, shall we?

MILLER: I owe Polski Pete forty quid.

JOEY: Gambling, eh? Nasty piece of work, Polski Pete. Not half as nasty as your Missus if she found out about that. Reckon that makes us about even. You keep schtum, and maybe I will too. How's that sound?

MILLER: That sounds good.

JOEY: Now, on your bike. And don't let me catch you bothering me again. Right?

MILLER: (normal) You're gonna regret this, Joey Carlisle.

JOEY: Yeah? Yeah, you and whose army? Secrets. Everyone's got 'em, but not from Joey Carlisle they haven't. Not any more.

(The Tardis materialises, door opens.)

ACE: Oh, what?

HEX: Well! That's me sorted. Pub.

ACE: Yeah. Not just any old pub, Hex.

HEX: The Four Barrels. Looks all right. Ah, hey. You don't mean...?

ACE: It's my local. Well, sort of. My mum grew up nearby.

HEX: Sounds banging in there, mind.

ACE: Yeah, it used to be dead.

DOCTOR: On the contrary, Ace, it's lively because tonight is the 9th of May 1945. Now, shush. I'm trying to get a reading.

(Beeps)

ACE: 9th of May, 19.. Oh, VE Day.

HEX: Eh?

ACE: Victory in Europe Day? The end of the Second World War? Oh, what did they teach you in school?

HEX: I must have been off sick that day.

ACE: Yeah, right. You getting anything on that gizmo of yours, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Psionic energy. Powerful but erratic. Coming from...

HEX: This direction?

DOCTOR: Yes. Come on, and stay close. I don't want you getting lost in the crowd.

HEX: Lead on, Dad.

MAY: Here's your milk, love. Powdered stuff, mind. Saying your uncle Joey'll be home soon, maybe he'll bring us a nice can of condensed before we have to get you back to your mum's. Audrey? Aud, where are you? Oh no, the sideboard. You're not supposed to be in there.

AUDREY: Boo!

MAY: No, I'm not laughing, young lady, out. You can't play in there, you could have...

AUDREY: I'm sorry.

MAY: It's all right, love, just don't do it again, that's all. Oh hey, come on now. Aud. Aud, it's just Uncle Joey keeps all sorts of stuff in there. He don't like anyone messing with it.

JOEY [OC]: Ma? I'm home.

MAY: Oh, heck!

JOEY: Got us that nice bit of fish you wanted. Hey, you'll never guess who I bumped into down the Four ... Oi! I've told you to keep your nose out of that sideboard.

MAY: It was Audrey, love. She was just playing.

JOEY: She goes in my things again and I'll give her what-for.

MAY: She's just a little girl, Joey love.

JOEY: Yeah, but she's not *your* little girl, is she? Takes advantage of you, that mother of hers.

MAY: Never mind that. What's with all this stuff, Joey? Electrics and that.

JOEY: None of your business.

MAY: It's not knock-off, is it? Only, I'm not having you bringing knock-off gear into your poor dead father's house.

JOEY: Oh, leave it out, Ma.

DOCTOR: It's somewhere here. Keep up, you two.

HEX: Come on, Ace. It's not like you to dawdle.

ACE: I'm not dawdling.

HEX: Well, you'd best get those thighs moving, then.

ACE: It's just... this street sign.

HEX: Old Terrace? What about it?

ACE: Come on. No use dawdling.

HEX: Ace?

MAY: Where's it from then, all this foreign tat?

JOEY: Some sailors. Just down the docks. It's a load of junk. Just forget about it, huh?

MAY: What are you looking outside for? Is someone after you, Joey? I knew it was knock-off.

DOCTOR: Strange. The trace would appear to have been in motion.

HEX: But it's stopped now.

ACE: Never mind that. Doctor, you do realise where we are, don't you?

DOCTOR: Seemingly so, Mister Hex. I'm here, at this house.

ACE: Old Terrace? Old Terrace, Streatham?

DOCTOR: Hmm.

ACE: Is this some sort of a joke?

HEX: Is what some sort of a joke?

ACE: The house next door, number 17? This is 1945, right?

DOCTOR: Unless someone's changed the date of VE Day, yes. Oh. Ace.

ACE: Oh, Ace indeed.

HEX: What are you two on about? What's next door?

ACE: My mum and my nan.

HEX: You're kidding. You're not kidding?

ACE: 17 Old Terrace. It's where my mum grew up.

HEX: What? And they're in there right now?

ACE: Yeah, I reckon.

DOCTOR: An unforeseen complication. I suggest we swiftly investigate the matter in hand and then we'll be on our way. I promise.

(Knock on door.)

MAY: Funny-looking lot.
JOEY: Don't let 'em in, Ma.
MAY: What?
JOEY: They might be police, or worse.
MAY: I knew it. You rotten thieving... What do you mean, worse?
JOEY: Just don't let 'em in. Keep away from the window.

HEX: There's someone in - look. The curtain's twitching. Hiya!
ACE: Keep it down, will you? They know me round here. Well, they will.
DOCTOR: (through letterbox) Hello? Could we have a word?

DOCTOR [OC]: It'll only take a few minutes. It's very important.
JOEY: Nice one, Ma.
MAY: It ain't me what's brought the police here.
JOEY: What do you think you are doing, you daft mare?
MAY: I'll have none of that, thank you, Joseph.
JOEY: Ma. Ma!

(Door opens.)
MAY: Yes, who is it?
DOCTOR: Ah, hello. May we come in?
MAY: You the Old Bill?
HEX: Not likely.
ACE: Shh!
DOCTOR: I'm the Doctor, he's Mister Hex, and that's Mz er, Miss Ace. Just a few minutes of your time, Mrs...?
MAY: Carlisle. And my Joey's not at home, so you'll have to come back.
(Beeping gets faster.)
MAY: Hey! Don't you wave that thing at me.
HEX: It's on the move again.
MAY: Oi! What the hell do you think you're playing at?
DOCTOR: I'm so sorry, Mrs Carlisle, but this really can't wait.
ACE: You could be in great danger.
HEX: He's gone, out the back.
DOCTOR: Hex.
HEX: (inside:) Don't worry, I'm on him.
DOCTOR: Hex, wait!
ACE: Too late.
DOCTOR: I'm going after Hex. See if you can't have a root around, find out a little more about this Joey.
MAY: What's going on? Who are you people?
DOCTOR: Back soon. Nice to meet you, Mrs Carlisle.
MAY: You ain't coppers. You've got no right to just come barging in. I'm gonna call the law.
ACE: Yeah, there's a phone in the next street.
MAY: None of your sauce, young lady. Hey, don't I know you?
ACE: Not exactly.
AUDREY: Auntie May?
MAY: You stay there, Audrey love.
AUDREY: Has Uncle Joey gone?
ACE: Audrey? Kathleen's Audrey?
MAY: How did you know that? Look, just who are you?
ACE: We're not the police, Mrs Carlisle, we're from... the War Office.
MAY: The War Office? What you want Joey for? The war's over in case you hadn't heard. He was exempted, you know that. Gammy leg.
ACE: Hello, Audrey. Aren't you a big girl?
MAY: Audrey, come here, sweetheart. Come to Auntie May. You got papers or something, then?
ACE: We're trying to keep this as low-key as we can, Mrs Carlisle.
MAY: Oh! But you're a great heavy lump. Don't know how you keep growing on the rations.
ACE: Is she okay? She looks a bit flushed.
MAY: Oi!
ACE: I'm not going to hurt her, all right? Yeah, she's hot. I think the Doctor ought to take a look at her.
MAY: You telling me I don't know how to look after a three year old?

BARMAN: Evening, gents. What can I get you?

DOCTOR: Er, mine host. Tea for me...
HEX: Tea for two.
DOCTOR: And whatever young Mister Carlisle is having hiding behind The Daily Sketch over in the corner.
BARMAN: Joey? You in the proverbial again?
JOEY: Bleedin' 'ell.
BARMAN: I'll bring 'em over.
HEX: Cheers.
DOCTOR: You don't mind if we join you, Joey?
JOEY: Oh, as a matter of fact...
HEX: Hey, you can stub that ciggie out an' all. You could have run us half-way to Hackney if it wasn't for that.
JOEY: Doctor says I need 'em, for me chest.
DOCTOR: This Doctor says otherwise.
JOEY: Hey. Doctor? I thought you was...
HEX: Bizzies? Nah.
DOCTOR: We just want to talk to you.
(Beeping.)
JOEY: The hell's that?
DOCTOR: A low-band psionic detector. And it's telling me you are in a lot of danger.
JOEY: Get out of it. It's one of them foreign whatsits. It's one of hers, isn't it?
DOCTOR: It's perfectly harmless.
HEX: What do you mean, one of hers?
JOEY: Tell her she's wasting her time. You an' all. I still don't know nothing.
HEX: You wouldn't have run if you didn't know something.
JOEY: Don't have to be guilty for someone to have it in for you.
DOCTOR: No, but it helps.
BARMAN: Here we are, gents.
DOCTOR: Ah. Tea.

ACE: She will be all right, won't she? Audrey, I mean.
MAY: Bed's the best place. I know young'uns, six I had. My Joey, he's the youngest.
ACE: Six?
MAY: That's not so many. Her in the groce, she had ten. Lovely little thing she is, though.
ACE: You mean Audrey?
MAY: And her mother.
ACE: (laughs) Kathleen, yeah.
MAY: Kathleen, yes. It'd break her heart if anything happened to Audrey, especially with her Frank lost at sea. But you know that, don't ya?
ACE: We, we work together. At the War Office.
MAY: She don't talk about that much. Loose lips and that, I suppose.
(Kettle whistles.)
MAY: Best I get that.
ACE: What's she doing now? Kathleen?
MAY [OC]: Night shift.
ACE: Whereabouts?
MAY [OC]: (other room:) What did you say your name was again?
ACE: (sotto) Oh. Loose lips. Right, a quick root around it is.
MAY [OC]: Pardon?
ACE: Dorothy. But everyone calls me Ace.
MAY [OC]: Sugar?
ACE: Two, please. (sideboard opens) Hello.

MAY: Yeah, we'll still be on the ration for years, you mark my words. You all right in there, love?
ACE: Er, I'm fine, Mrs Carlisle.
MAY: Call me May. Everyone else does. Hey, them's Joey's electrics...
ACE: Your Joey should get himself a garage if he wants to hide his hooky gear away.
MAY: My Joey, he's not into hooky gear.
ACE: You're right there. It's *alien* gear he's into.
MAY: Oh! You mean foreign. Got it off some sailors down the docks, he says. It's not like it was robbed from round 'ere, is it?
ACE: It's all right, May. I'm not going to hand him over to the Old Bill. But these electrics of his have travelled further than just across the Channel.

HEX: Victoria sponge. Well, it is VE Day.

DOCTOR: I prefer Battenberg myself.
JOEY: Stop messing about and tell me what you want. What's she been saying, your Miss Merchant?
DOCTOR: My Miss Merchant? Oh yes.
JOEY: Your boss or something?
HEX: (splutters) Sorry.
DOCTOR: Something.
JOEY: She... she said I'd been seen near some van what crashed. I weren't nowhere near.
DOCTOR: Yes, this van and the things in it. What did she say about them?
JOEY: Said they were the property of The Forge or something.
DOCTOR: The Forge!
HEX: What's that, then? An ironmonger's?
DOCTOR: Something Joey doesn't want to be mixed up with.
HEX: Hang on. You said that name before...
DOCTOR: Trust me.
JOEY: Mistaken identity, that's what it is, and she can't go round accusing folks of stuff they haven't done.
DOCTOR: This psionic detector, Mister Carlisle, is doing the accusing. Which brings us to... that bracelet you're wearing.
JOEY: Bracelet?
HEX: Don't be shy, Joey. Bring out the bling.
JOEY: Get off!
DOCTOR: It's the energy source. Joey, you have to give it to me. It's dangerous.
JOEY: Yeah. Yeah. You're probably right.
HEX: Exactly.
JOEY: You're a right pair of mugs, ain't ya?
(Smash!)
BARMAN: Hey! Hey! What the hell's going on? Joey?
JOEY: Stick it on me slate, Sid.
DOCTOR: Joey! Are you all right, Hex?
HEX: Apart from the hot tea in my lap, yeah. Hey, your er whasit's gone mental.
DOCTOR: Whatever it is, that bracelet's damaged. The psionic leakage is increasing.
HEX: And that's bad?
DOCTOR: We've got to get to it, before it does real harm. Come on!

MAY: My Joey's not in trouble, is he? 'Cos he couldn't stand no trouble. His leg's not right, and in the winter he wheezes something terrible.

ACE: He's not in trouble. Not with me anyway.

MAY: Look. I found these under his mattress.

ACE: What do I want with petrol coupons?

MAY: They're yours, if you want 'em. I didn't see you, you didn't see me.

ACE: Don't be daft.

(Vehicle stops outside.)

ACE: Hold on. Something's going on outside.

MERCHANT: Old Terrace. This is it.

HEAVY: Which one, Miss?

MERCHANT: Fifteen. Follow me.

MAY: Nothing you can't buy with petrol coupons, love.

ACE: Quiet.

MAY: Nylons too. It's bought me more pairs of nylons than I know what to do with.

ACE: (sotto) May, I want you to go upstairs to Audrey. Barricade the both of you in.

MAY: You what?

ACE: (sotto) Pull the bed across the door. Anything.

MAY: That old thing? I'll put me back out.

ACE: Just do it!

MAY: All right. There's no need to take that tone.

(Knock on door.)

MERCHANT: Come on, come on!

(Door opens.)

ACE: What do you want?

MERCHANT: This is the Carlisle house?

ACE: Who's asking, you or your three heavies?

MERCHANT: Shall we not make a scene? Now, I've been speaking to an informant of one PC Miller.

ACE: Ooh!

MERCHANT: Young woman, you know what I want, and I know you know what I want, so why not allow me to retrieve what it is I want, and spare us all the trouble?

ACE: I don't know what you're going on about.

MERCHANT: This little gadget says otherwise, I'm afraid.

ACE: But, that's just like...

MERCHANT: Like what?

ACE: Er, nothing.

MERCHANT: Yes, a residual trace. You fellows, ransack the place.

ACE: Over my dead body!

MERCHANT: Not the wisest of words.

ACE: Why, have you got a laser gun in your handbag too?

MERCHANT: Well, yes. Why, do you think I should use it?

MAN: Ooof! Oi! Why won't you watch where...? Hey, it's Joey.

WOMAN: Oh, what's the rush, Joey? Got a run on your nylons?

JOEY: Look, I've got a gun.

MAN: We're heading up to Trafalgar Square, see the fireworks, have a paddle in the fountain.

WOMAN: What do you think, Joey? You got the inclination?

JOEY: Get your paws off.

MAN: Hey, none of that.

JOEY: Right well, if you won't get out the way...

WOMAN: Oh, nice bracelet, Joey. Look better on me, mind.

JOEY: Get a load of this. Full blast.

(The pair moan in pain..)

MAY: Hello? Miss Ace? Dorothy?

AUDREY: Why is she lying down?

MAY: Oh, Lord.

AUDREY: Is she having a sleep?

MAY: Stay there, Audrey. (down stairs) Thank heavens you're not hurt.

ACE: Oh. Ooh, I wouldn't say that. Ow.

AUDREY: She's bleeding.

MAY: Audrey, I thought I said...

ACE: Oh, it's all right, it's just my nose. Oh, that woman had a mean right hook. Oh. The woman! Is she...?

MAY: Heard 'em driving off a couple of minutes back.

AUDREY: Look! They've taken all of Uncle Joey's special things.

MAY: Oh, they haven't.

ACE: I think you'll find that's a mercy, Mrs C. Ah, ooh. Oh, my nose.

MAY: You need that looking at.

ACE: I'll be all right. Mister Hex is a nurse.

AUDREY: A man nurse?

MAY: Well, he's not 'ere now, so you'll have to make do with us. Aud, there's cream and wadding in the kitchen.

AUDREY: Hooray!

ACE: (laughs) Yeah, thanks. I just hope the Doctor and Hex catch up with Joey before our handy lady friend does, 'cos it'll take more than TCP to fix what she's got planned for him.

HEX: Which way? Doctor?

DOCTOR: Hard to say. There appears to have been a large outpouring of psionic energy in the vicinity.

HEX: Excuse me.

MAN: (flat) Yeah?

WOMAN (flat): Can I help you?

DOCTOR: Hex, you'll get no sense out of anyone who's sitting in the gutter looking vacant.

WOMAN: I am considering the hopelessness of my existence.

HEX: Yeah, all right. Look, a bloke come running past 'ere not two minutes back.

MAN: Joey. Joey Carlisle.

HEX: Yeah.

DOCTOR: Of course, the bracelet. It's a Truth-Sayer .

HEX: A what?

DOCTOR: An Adeon Truth-Sayer . The Adeons are law-keepers from the Anurine Protectorate. Police. Truth-Sayer bracelets force suspects to tell the truth, but it's damaged.

HEX: You two, which way did he go? Did you see?

MAN: Railway.

WOMAN: There's a warehouse.

DOCTOR: Come on, Hex.

HEX: Looks like a bomb's hit it. Oh. Right. Yeah.

DOCTOR: Joey?

JOEY [OC]: Leave me alone.

DOCTOR: We can't, Joey. We need to deactivate the bracelet. It's damaged. It's hurting people. Can't you feel it?

HEX: Yeah. It's giving me a headache. God knows what it's doing to you.

JOEY [OC]: It's mine. Mine.

DOCTOR: Just let me have the bracelet, Joey.

JOEY: Doctor. Just what sort of Doctor are you anyway?

(Truth-Sayer active.)

DOCTOR: (struggling) I'm the Doctor. Stay back, Hex.

JOEY: This Forge thing you said about. What is it?

DOCTOR: A secret organisation. They collect alien technology. They use it.

HEX: What? Really?

JOEY: What do they want with it?

DOCTOR: Power. Control.

JOEY: Ah! That's what I got now, innit. Power. Control. Over you two. So, where's the other one, the girl?

HEX: She's with your mum. With her mum next door.

DOCTOR: Concentrate, Hex!

JOEY: You what? Kathleen, next door? But she's not old enough.

DOCTOR: Her daughter is Ace's mother.

JOEY: You're lying. You can't. This thing won't let you.

HEX: It's true.

JOEY: You're both mad. What are you then, pretty boy? Her father, her boyfriend? Oh, right. Can't lie with your eyes, can you? You're not her boyfriend, are you, but... you want to be. That's it, isn't it, eh?

HEX: I... don't... I...

DOCTOR: Hex.

JOEY: Ain't that sweet. Right screwed-up little family you lot have got. What about pretty boy's mum and dad? I suppose they're around somewhere too? Or is that you? Doctor.

DOCTOR: No. His mother... his, his mother is ... is...

HEX: Doctor?

DOCTOR: His mother is...

MERCHANT: Enough.

JOEY: What?

HEX: Look out. She's got a...

(Laser, Joey cries out, Truth-Sayer stops.)

JOEY: Ah! My hand! My hand!

HEX: It's okay. I'm a nurse.

JOEY: It hurts .

HEX: It's all right. Here, let me see.

DOCTOR: There was no need for that.

MERCHANT: You saw what the bracelet did. He stole from us, and he lied to me. Losing a hand is rather Biblical, don't you think?

DOCTOR: Miss Merchant, I take it? Your reputation precedes you.

MERCHANT: Really?

DOCTOR: And you have your own psionic detector. Why am I not surprised?

MERCHANT: You know more than you're letting on, don't you? A shame. I should have used the bracelet on you. Still, it was damaged.

HEX: Doctor, he looks - I don't know, weird. Like it's shock, except not.

JOEY: (flat) It hurts.

HEX: We'll get you to a hospital. Don't worry.

DOCTOR: Joey, do you remember the van? The bracelet?

JOEY: Yes. I stole the bracelet from the van.

DOCTOR: And what else, Joey? What else have you stolen?

JOEY: Me and Davy Culls robbed the Post Office up Highgate last month. We was gonna do another one, in Blackheath, soon.

HEX: Why is he telling us all this?

MERCHANT: It's the psionic leakage. It's damaged him. How ironic. A thief unable to lie. Still, I really should

be going.

DOCTOR: Just a minute.

HEX: Doctor, we don't have time.

DOCTOR: Stop.

HEX: He needs to be in hospital.

DOCTOR: Yes. Yes. You haven't heard the last of this, Miss Merchant.

MERCHANT: Oh, I think I have, because if you tell the truth about what happened - well, who'd believe you?

JOEY: It still hurts.

HEX: I know, mate, but it'll be all right. Tell him, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Yes. It'll be all right.

MAY [OC]: (screams) No! No! No!

HEX: That'll be the Doctor breaking the bad news.

ACE: Yeah. Here. Get this tea down you.

HEX: Cheers.

ACE: So, is Joey going to be all right?

HEX: He'll live, at any rate. Whether he'll ever be the same again...

ACE: Might not be a bad thing.

HEX: Still, he'll have his mum. Mums are important. Is, er, Audrey all right?

ACE: She's sleeping. Kathleen's not expected back till six.

HEX: What? Like now?

ACE: Oh - no! Doctor?

DOCTOR [OC]: Time, Ace?

ACE: Time. We'd best be going.

HEX: Yeah, but do you want to...?

ACE: What?

HEX: Say goodbye, to Audrey?

ACE: You think?

HEX: I think.

ACE: (sighs) Okay.

DOCTOR: Ace, we really should be leaving.

ACE [OC]: I know.

DOCTOR: Right. Are you ready, Mister Hex?

HEX: As I'll ever be. Doctor?

DOCTOR: What is it, Hex?

HEX: Back there in the warehouse, you were saying something. Something about my mum.

DOCTOR: Ah yes, well... what I was about to say was...

HEX: It's all right. I know you were lying. It's just - how did you do that, when the bracelet was making you tell the truth?

DOCTOR: Ah, well...

HEX: Time Lord stuff, I suppose.

DOCTOR: We all have our secrets, Hex.

ACE: Sleep tight, Audrey. You're not going to remember any of this, are you? 'Cos if you asked your mum about me she won't know what you're talking about. Don't reckon May's going to be in too much of a hurry to fill her in on all the details. We're never going to be properly right, are we?

AUDREY: Is your head better, Miss?

ACE: Oh, much better, thank you. But you're supposed to be asleep.

AUDREY: Where's Mummy?

ACE: She'll be back soon. You close your eyes now.

AUDREY: Yes.

ACE: Go on. There's a good girl.

AUDREY: Kiss?

ACE: Kiss? Yeah.

(Kiss. Opens door.)

ACE: (sotto) Bye, Mum.

The Word Lord, by Stephen Hall

A Big Finish Productions Dr Who 45th Anniversary Audio Drama, released Nov 2008

HURST: I'll ask you again. This is a maximum security military bunker, and nobody gets in without clearance. How did you do it? Who are you working for?

DOCTOR: And I'll tell you again, Captain Hurst. I'm self-employed.

ACE: We just arrived. He's the Doctor, I'm Ace, and this is Hex.

HEX: I know you won't believe this, but we're the good guys.

HURST: Don't take me for an idiot. A delegate is murdered and ten minutes later you three turn up. Is that supposed to be a coincidence?

HEX: It's always a murder or a war. Why do we never blunder in on like, you know, a really good party?

ACE: Hmm, yeah. It's almost as if the Tardis is programmed to hone in on trouble.

DOCTOR: Of course it isn't. Don't be ridiculous.

HURST: Shut up. I'm going to ask one more time, and before any of you speak, bear in mind the Ranulph Fiennes Bunker doesn't officially exist, which puts you all in an extremely precarious position. Now, how did you get in here, and who do you work for!

ACE: For the last time, we don't work for a...

DOCTOR: The Ranulph Fiennes Bunker?

HEX: That's what he said.

DOCTOR: Would that be the Ranulph Fiennes Bunker in Antarctica in, what is it, 2042?

HURST: Forty five.

ACE: Here we go.

DOCTOR: The Ranulph Fiennes Bunker in Antarctica in 2045. A top secret peace talks facility at the height of the second Cold War.

HEX: See? It's never a party.

DOCTOR: And someone's been murdered.

HURST: Yes.

DOCTOR: In which case, Captain Hurst, what are you doing wasting time talking to us? You need to find out who did this before this whole planet goes into nuclear meltdown.

HURST: I need to find out who did it? What do you think I'm trying to do?

DOCTOR: Now, start from the beginning, and, and don't leave out any details. Now, the devil is in the detail, more often than not.

(Door opens)

CLAIRE: Stand down, Captain Hurst.

HURST: Commander, we've got three unknowns found in Section 42.

CLAIRE: I can see what they are, Captain, please wait outside.

HURST: Ma'am, I'd advise...

CLAIRE: Noted. Outside.

HURST: Ma'am.

(Door closes.)

CLAIRE: Doctor. My God, it's you, isn't it? Really you.

DOCTOR: I'm sorry, do I know you?

CLAIRE: No, but I know you. By reputation at least. I'm Claire Spencer, Commander of this facility and one of the only 34 people on the planet with access to full Level 11 UN files, including yours.

ACE: Infamy, infamy, they've all got it in for me.

CLAIRE: Time is of the essence, I'm afraid, and as much as I hate to pull rank and re-draft a former Chief Scientific Advisor, there's been...

DOCTOR: A murder, yes.

CLAIRE: Alexander von Gratton, an American consul to the Far East. We found him shot dead in his room about half an hour ago. This is a politically volatile world and the accusations are already flying. I need to find out who killed von Gratton fast.

HEX: Well, maybe start with the suspects.

CLAIRE: There are none. This whole thing, it's impossible. We should know exactly what happened, but we don't.

DOCTOR: What do you mean, impossible?

CLAIRE: This is one of the most secure facilities on the face of the Earth. We have state of the art monitoring systems and procedures. You simply can't get away with murder here. You'd have to be a ghost.

ACE: A ghost with a gun?

DOCTOR: Let's not rule it out. I'm going to need to know everything there is to know about this secure bunker of yours, Commander Spencer.

CLAIRE: Claire. Call me Claire. We'll head up to the control centre, I'll explain what I can on the way.

HEX: This place, it's like a cross between Buckingham Palace and the Death Star.

CLAIRE: You must understand, Doctor, security is paramount here. Our monitoring arrays tell us where everyone is in the bunker day and night. Nobody could avoid them. Here we are.

(Door opens.)

ACE: Going up.

DOCTOR: We are up.

CLAIRE: Get in.

HEX: Not the basement.

CLAIRE: Not the basement.

(Door closes.)

HEX: Good. Can't stand basements.

DOCTOR: Nobody could avoid them?

CLAIRE: The systems are so sensitive, we could even tell when the spider in storage bay 9 finished weaving its last web.

DOCTOR: I hope you told the flies.

CLAIRE: There are no flies. No insects, bugs, woodlice. No germs or microbes of any kind. Bunker area's one hundred per cent filtered and sanitised. We keep the spider as a pet.

ACE: (laughs) Lucky old spider.

CLAIRE: Every possible security measure that can be taken has been taken. The bunker itself is four hundred and fifty miles from civilisation, and any movement in a two hundred mile radius is investigated via satellite. Nobody can get to this bunker without being seen.

DOCTOR: Very impressive. But what about the delegates themselves? Couldn't one of them have brought something exotic and unpleasant into your carefully controlled environment?

CLAIRE: With all the scans, checks and fail-safes, we'd have spotted it. The delegates don't even wear their own clothes on site. Sat-phones, personal computers, even writing materials are all banned. Actually, there's only one book in the entire bunker - the Bunker Protocol Guide.

DOCTOR: And you do everything by the book?

CLAIRE: Literally.

ACE: Hang on. How can you be doing all this recording and monitoring, and still be top secret and private? That makes no sense.

HEX: Good question.

CLAIRE: We wipe and re-boot our entire system every 45 hours. No data is ever stored here, and apart from the bunker distress signal there are no transmitters. This is an information dead zone.

DOCTOR: The bunker distress signal? What does that do exactly?

CLAIRE: It alerts the various military forces off the coast of Antarctica, who then scramble to collect their delegates.

HEX: Don't tell me that signal's broadcasting now?

CLAIRE: I'm afraid so.

ACE: So pretty soon you won't just have a room full of delegates accusing each other of murder, you'll have whole armies.

DOCTOR: And events escalate across the planet. I think it would be a good idea to find out exactly what happened to Mister von Gratton before those soldiers arrive, don't you, Claire?

CLAIRE: We have maybe three quarters of an hour until the first troops get here.

(Ding. Door opens. Voices.)

HEX: So 45 minutes to find an impossible killer and save the Earth, then?

ACE: Easy.

CLAIRE: I see it hasn't taken you long to get to grips with our systems, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Yes. Movement sensors, quantum wave analyses, full spectrum light and sound, and here CCTV and environment mapping. Very comprehensive.

CLAIRE: How are you getting on, Hex?

HEX: Oh, brilliant, yeah. The Bunker Protocol Guide. It's better than the Da Vinci Code, this. Section Four Point Five. Managing Security in the Laundry Department. Thrilling'.

DOCTOR: Keep reading. You might find something useful.

ACE [OC]: Ace calling Doctor. Can you hear me?

DOCTOR: There's something reassuringly low-fi about the traditional walkie-talkie. I hear you, Ace. Go ahead.

ACE [OC]: We've convinced the delegates to come over to the Tardis. Well, I say convinced. There was a bit of arm twisting involved.

HEX: Figures.

ACE [OC]: Oi, get off!

HURST [OC]: Hand me over to Commander Spencer.

CLAIRE: I'm here, Captain Hurst.

HURST [OC]: Ma'am, I'm with the delegates. I've told them the Doctor's, whatever it's called, is a highly-sophisticated panic room. But we're almost there and it looks more like a wooden box.

CLAIRE: Looks can be deceiving, Captain.

HURST [OC]: Yes, Ma'am. There's one more thing.

CLAIRE: What's that?

HURST [OC]: Some of the delegates are starting to wonder why they don't need their translators any more.

CLAIRE: Just get them inside. I'll be in touch soon. Spencer out.

HEX: Are you sure moving' everyone into the Tardis is a good idea, Doctor?

DOCTOR: No, but needs must. Nobody can get inside the Tardis to hurt those people. Which leaves us free to solve this rather unpleasant little murder mystery. System, show me the last recorded movements of Alexander von Gratton.

SYSTEM: Buffering.

DOCTOR: There. This is him on the CCTV, I take it?

CLAIRE: Yes, that's him.

DOCTOR: So, he left the bar area, and walked along down corridor four to his room, room five, which was guarded by two soldiers. Hmm.

FENTON [OC]: And he's still hanging there, so the man rushes into the kitchen, and grabs hold of the fridge... Oh, sir. Sorry sir.

CLAIRE: Private Fenton. I've warned him about telling his damn jokes on duty.

DOCTOR: Von Gratton passes the guards and goes into his private room, where we lose CCTV, exactly four point five seconds later.

(Bang.)

FENTON [OC]: What was that?

DOCTOR: The guards rush into the room to find von Gratton shot, in the forehead and the heart. The room's empty.

CLAIRE: Sleeping quarters are exempt from direct CCTV surveillance, hence the guards outside at all times. But except for von Gratton coming and going, all outputs show nothing changed in that room all day. No one was in there when he came back.

HEX: Are you all right, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Don't you ever feel like there's something important happening, and you can't quite grasp it?

HEX: Welcome to being me.

DOCTOR: There's only one thing for it.

CLAIRE: Which is...?

DOCTOR: We'll have to play jazz. System, play random short dialogue recordings from the last twenty four hours.

SYSTEM: Collating.

CLAIRE: Now what? We just listen and hope to get lucky?

DOCTOR: Don't confuse complexity with chaos, Claire. The answer is here somewhere. In fact, I've got the strangest feeling it's been under our noses the whole time.

CLAIRE: Then you'll be seeing something I couldn't. I've been through everything on the system, over and over again.

HURST: Forty-five different kinds of snow...

DOCTOR: There! Pause that. That's it.

HEX: The snow?

DOCTOR: System, play dialogue containing the word forty five, or any of its numerical or linguistic composites.

SYSTEM: Searching.

VARIOUS: Forty-five years he'd been ... forty-five different kinds of snow ... three unknowns found in Section Forty-Two ... (sounds like Peri) Talk about 1945 ... (Hex) Section Four Point Five. Managing Security ...

System, this is a Code 45... (Doctor) Down corridor four to his room - room five ... We have maybe three quarters of an hour until the first troops get here ... Exactly. Four point five seconds ... Forty-five ... Forty-five, forty-five?

CLAIRE: System, stop.

HEX: Okay. That's sort of freaky, but... it's just a coincidence, right?

DOCTOR: Wrong. System, give me the average recorded frequency of these forty fives.

SYSTEM: Average frequency. One instance every four minutes and fifty seconds.

HEX: Four five. Forty five again.

DOCTOR: Yes. And the total number of instances please, System.

SYSTEM: Four thousand five hundred and forty five.

CLAIRE: Oh my God.

DOCTOR: Yes. It's a pattern. Some sort of cycle or sequence. But what does it mean? A repetition, a repeating number? Like a signal, or signature. An energy signature.

CLAIRE: Doctor?

DOCTOR: System, search for any phrase or short linguistic structure repeated four point five times in the last 45 minutes.

SYSTEM: Working.

HEX: I don't get it. What's happening'?

DOCTOR: There are countless billions of dimensions, some of them almost incomprehensibly different to our own. Beings from these distant dimensions obey very different laws of physics and they are never meant to come here.

SYSTEM: One instance matching all criteria found.

CLAIRE: Play.

FENTON [OC]: And he's still hanging there, so the man rushes into the kitchen, and grabs hold of the fridge.

CLAIRE: Fenton's joke. The one he was telling on the CCTV.

DOCTOR: That's no joke, Claire. It 's a complex linguistic structure using a chameleon meme to disguise itself as a joke.

HEX: Complex linguistic structure?

DOCTOR: In this case, a vessel, of sorts. Those 45s we've been hearing are the pulse of its engines. The chameleon meme can't hide those.

CLAIRE: I'm having trouble here, Doctor. Are you saying that joke is actually some kind of...

HEX: Spaceship?

DOCTOR: A Cordis. Conveyance Of Repeating Dialogue In Space-Time. Sort of non-physical Tardis.

CLAIRE: With a non-physical pilot?

DOCTOR: Exactly.

ACE [OC]: Doctor? Are you receiving me?

DOCTOR: Go ahead, Ace.

ACE: I'm in the Tardis with the delegates. Most of them gawping like guppies .

DOCTOR [OC]: Ace, listen to me. I need you to look under the console for a small red switch.

ACE: All right.

DOCTOR [OC]: Quite near the central column. Hurry.

ACE: I guess it's a matter of life and death?

DOCTOR [OC]: Now that you mention it...

ACE: Er ... Can't see anything. Oh. Oh. Hang on. There's some sort of welded panel.

DOCTOR [OC]: Oh no, I sealed it up. Ace, you'll have to find a way to get the panel off, and...

(Fizz, gasps.)

ACE: What the...?

DOCTOR: Ace? What's happening? Ace?

ACE [OC]: Doctor, there's a man just appeared in the Tardis.

HURST [OC]: All right, whoever you are...

ACE [OC]: He's got a gun...

HURST [OC]: Drop it. I said...

ACE [OC]: Captain, don't!

DOCTOR: Ace, get them out of there!

(Laser shots, gasps screams.)

DOCTOR [OC]: Ace? Ace!

ACE: He shot them. Soldiers, delegates. You just shot six people.

NOBODY: Yeah. Looks like it.

ACE: Who are you, and what the hell is wrong with you!

NOBODY: Nobody.

ACE: Answer me!

NOBODY: I just did. I'm Nobody No-One, The Word Lord. Well, renegade Word Lord technically, from a reality 45 billion dimensions to the left of here.

ACE: You're insane.

NOBODY: Well actually, no, no, I'm not, but, er, you're not the first person who's said that. Is it the hair? It's the hair, isn't it? I should change the hair.

ACE: Whoever the hell you think you are, this is my home. These people are under my protection. Mine and the Doctor's! Get out! Get out, now!

NOBODY: Oh, I like you, you're great. Plucky. Oh, we like plucky. It 's been so long since anyone tried to tell me what to do, you know. I think I've actually missed it. Go on. Tell me not to shoot someone else.

ACE: I said...

HURST: You sick monster.

(Trigger clicks.)

HURST: Fire! Fire, damn you!

NOBODY: Oh look, it's brave Captain Hurst. Still alive, Captain? Who'd have thunk it? Huh. Thing is, you're in a state of Temporal Grace. But the laws of this reality don't apply to me, which means your gun goes click-click-click, and mine goes...

ACE: No!

(Laser bolts.)

NOBODY: Plucky girl. Tell me not to shoot someone else.

ACE: Stop it! Stop it, you...ah!

(Thump, thud.)

NOBODY: Ouch. You're going to have a bruise there in the morning.

DOCTOR [OC]: Ace? Talk to me. Ace? Ace!

NOBODY: Ah! There you are. Time to visit the relatives, I think. Later, potatoes.

DOCTOR: Ace, come in please.

CLAIRE: Who the hell was that?

HEX: She needs our help. Doctor!

DOCTOR: Go, Hex. Make sure she's all right.

HEX: I'm going, I'm going.

DOCTOR: Wait, no, no, wait, wait. You'll need this.

HEX: Spanner? What, to whack this fella round the head?

DOCTOR: No, thermo-spanner. You'll need it to remove the panel under the...

HEX: Under the console. Got ya.

DOCTOR: Yes, and you'll see the red switch. When I tell you, flick it all the way into reverse.

HEX: Reverse. I'm on it.

CLAIRE: What exactly are we up against, Doctor?

DOCTOR: A Word Lord. A being from a dimension made of language and communication, not matter and energy like ours.

CLAIRE: And Word Lords are the masters of words?

DOCTOR: He said his name was Nobody No-One. System, play back any recent statements including the words nobody or no-one.

HURST [OC]: This is a maximum security military bunker, and nobody gets in without clearance.

CLAIRE [OC]: Our monitoring arrays tell us where everyone is in the Bunker day and night. Nobody could avoid them.

DOCTOR [OC]: Nobody can get inside the Tardis to hurt those people.

DOCTOR: Just saying the words is enough to make them reality for a Word Lord. Nobody could do any of those things as soon as somebody said he could. Oh! What have I done?

CLAIRE: Come on, there'll be time for that later. How do we...?

NOBODY: Stop him? Now, there's a question, Commander.

DOCTOR: I'm not impressed.

NOBODY: But how do you stop me, Doctor? I'm a cogni-linguistic entity. My Cordis projects me whatever tools I happen to need. A gun, a nuclear warhead, a... hot tub. You name it. It also makes me... pretty much indestructible.

DOCTOR: Does it?

NOBODY: Now, answer the lady's question, there's a chap.

CLAIRE: Doctor?

NOBODY: You see? He can't. The fact is, I'm just like him but a little more God and a little less... gnome.

DOCTOR: You're nothing like me, Nobody No-One.

NOBODY: There you go, that's the spirit. Oh! Yeah. I'm going to enjoy this.

HEX: Ace?

(Tardis door closes.)

HEX: Ace!

ACE: I'm here.

HEX: Are you all right? I passed a whole crowd in the corridor, they said you were still here.

ACE: I'm fine. Calm down. Hey... What are you doing? Get off!

HEX: Stay still. I need to check your head to see if anything's damaged or broken. Well, anything new.

ACE: My head's fine. Ow. Apart from your sweaty paws wandering all over it.

HEX: You know, you don't have to be horrible all the time.

ACE: Oh, you say that, but nobody likes a quitter.

HEX: Yeah, you're fine.

ACE: Listen, the Doctor wanted me to flip some sort of switch under the Tardis console, but, there's a...

HEX: Panel welded over it. Yeah, I know. He gave me this.

ACE: A spanner?

HEX: Thermo-spanner.
ACE: Oh! Course it is.
HEX: Right. Where's this panel?
ACE: Er, along a bit?
HEX: Got it. Right. Thermo-spanner'll make short work of that.
ACE: Oh, come on, what are you waiting for?
HEX: Ace? I don't suppose you actually know how to use a thermo-spanner, do ya?

CLAIRE: Okay, Nobody No-One, you stay where you are, no sudden movements.
DOCTOR: Claire, that won't do you any good.
NOBODY: Good grief. I am immune to your weapons, Earthling. How many times do I have to say it?
CLAIRE: Doctor, there's something... I lied when I said I didn't know you. I met you once, years ago when I was in Special Forces. You won't remember, you were older then. It was a rough one, really rough, and I was scared, scared half out of my wits. But you leaned over to me and said, it was good to be scared. Not being scared, that was something to be scared of. I've never forgotten that.
DOCTOR: I appreciate that, I really do, but this won't help.
CLAIRE: I'm scared again now.
DOCTOR: I know. Lower the gun. Please, for me. Thank you.
NOBODY: Ah. What a touching display of... whatever. Now, where were we?
DOCTOR: I believe you were going to explain why you've been following me. I've been running across those 45s for the past few weeks, long before I arrived here.
NOBODY: And there was me thinking you hadn't noticed.
DOCTOR: I notice lots of things. I'm very clever.
NOBODY: I kept missing you. The Cordis is old and a little bit temperamental sometimes. What can you do?
DOCTOR: That must be very inconvenient .
NOBODY: It was worth taking on a little work on the side until you turned up. There's a reward on your head like you wouldn't believe.
CLAIRE: You're a bounty hunter?
DOCTOR: Of all the things you could do.
NOBODY: I have a list of the most powerful, resourceful and dangerous beings in the entire multiverse. I find them, beat them, tick them off the list and yeah, I sell them on. Truth is, the money doesn't matter to me. The Dalek Supreme is offering a fortune for you, but the only reward I need is the way his little eye-stalk will light up when I bring you in.
DOCTOR: So, dead or alive I'm coming with you, is that it?
NOBODY: No. No, no, no, no. No. The Daleks want you dead. They don't like the idea of you alive one little bit. Now, the Cybermen have put up a decent reward for you too, but... they only want your brain. So I was thinking , I'll take your brain out then I'll meld your head back together so the Daleks won't know. That way everyone gets what they want. Well, apart from you obviously. You'll be dead with your brain missing. I have a couple of offers for your companions too - alive, sadly - although I could only get 45 dinar for Hex.
DOCTOR: It's hardly worth you taking him in then, really.
NOBODY: Oh. But I'm a completist. Gotta catch 'em all.
DOCTOR: You're not taking my friends anywhere. You're not harming anyone else in this bunker or in this reality, do I make myself clear?
CLAIRE: Doctor!
NOBODY: You know the most annoying thing about you, Doctor? You're a man who's used to shouting at people with guns and never getting shot. You're over-confident.
DOCTOR: Over-confident? Me? You're the one that doesn't know when he's been kept talking. (walkie-talkie.) Hex, flip the switch. Hex? Are you there, Hex?
NOBODY: See what I mean? Over-confident.
(Laser shots.)

HEX: I can't get this thing to work. What use is a thermo-spanner anyway?
ACE: What's the display say?
HEX: Enter setting.
ACE: (sighs) Well, how are we supposed to know what setting removes welded steel plates?
HEX: I don't... Oh yes I do.
ACE: Er ... 45?
HEX: Forty-five!
ACE: Oh, careful, you'll have your eyebrows off!
HEX: And the rest.
ACE: That's it. It's working!
HEX: Got it!

DOCTOR: Claire. Stay with me, Claire. Come on.
NOBODY: She stepped in front. Why would she do that? What's the point, Doctor?
CLAIRE: To buy... time...
NOBODY: Time?
CLAIRE: Don't be scared, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Claire. Claire.
NOBODY: Dead. Oh well, so it goes. Goodbye, Doctor. It's been a blast.
HEX [OC]: Doctor, we've got to the switch. Doctor, are you there?
NOBODY: Give me that. Switch? What switch? What are you talking about?
DOCTOR: The switch that controls the Tardis translation unit, Word Lord. Hex, now!
HEX [OC]: Copy that.
NOBODY: No!
DOCTOR: Yes. Ever get the feeling, people just don't understand you?
NOBODY: All right. Round one to you, Doctor. But let's make it the best out of three - three...
(Speech speeded up, lots of languages, then slowed right down.)

(Happy chatter.)

ACE: Oh, look at them. Huh. Politicians. You'd think they were the best of friends.
DOCTOR: Yes, well, that's a shared brush with death and a few bottles of brandy for you. Maybe there's hope for them yet.
HEX: At the risk of being Thick Hex again, I'm still not sure I understand what happened. I mean, reversing the Tardis's translation unit killed...
DOCTOR: Don't say his name!
HEX: Killed You-Know-Who.
DOCTOR: Set to reverse, the Tardis began translating the words and even the thoughts of everyone in the Bunker into a language they couldn't understand.
ACE: Tell me about it. Like... speaking in tongues?
DOCTOR: As soon as it started, I reset the Bunker's computer system, deleting every recorded word. With no spoken language or even thought to support them, both You-Know-Who and his Cordis were forced to take refuge inside the only printed text within hundreds of miles.
ACE: Printed text?
HEX: The Bunker Protocol Guide.
DOCTOR: Precisely.
HEX: Chapter One. The man stood frozen behind the page, his face twisted with anger, one palm pressed against...
(Book slammed shut.)
DOCTOR: That's enough. One wrong word could let him out again.
SYSTEM: Attention. Military troops have entered the base. Repeat. Military troops have entered the base.
ACE: That'll be the Cavalry.
DOCTOR: I did a little tinkering with the Tardis translator. Everyone's memories of the Cordis joke and You-Know-Who's name have been left in Ancient Spenozian. Inconvenient for them, but it'll do until we get the book out of here.
HEX: That's be now, like?
DOCTOR: Good idea.
(Door opens.)
SOLDIER: All right, hands behind your heads! Nobody move!
DOCTOR: Oh no.
ACE: Nobody move?
HEX: Doctor, my watch.
DOCTOR: What time is it?
HEX: 4:50 pm.
ACE: And those are point four five calibre weapons.
HEX: The Cordis engines.
DOCTOR: The book, quickly. Oh, no, no, no, no, no, no.
ACE: What is it?
DOCTOR: The pages.
HEX: They're all blank.
DOCTOR: He's gone!

(Theme tune.)

(Tardis door closes.)

ACE: Shall I put the kettle on?

DOCTOR: Yes. But coffee, I think. For a change.
(The Tardis dematerialises.)